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I gaze upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant in that flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand—my grave to make—
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy cloths above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away! I will not think of these—
Blue the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell,
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound?

I know, I know I should not see,
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb

These to their softened heart should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Objects of Musical Education and their Time.

What is to be learned, and which is the proper time for each kind of instruction? These questions, of the utmost importance in their minutest particulars, demand the gravest and most searching consideration from parents and teachers when they have determined to dedicate a child to musical education. To professors of music, these

questions must always be the highest interest. In order to point out, at least, the most important periods, we will take a cursory view of all the relationships and circumstances of musical employment, whether as a profession or otherwise.

We must, in the first place clear away a deep and widely diffused prejudice. On the question being asked, What ought to be learned in music? it is usual, particularly among teachers, to make a distinction between those persons who make music a profession, and those who cultivate it merely for pleasure and general humanizing education; between future professional men and mere amateurs. The former, according to the judgment of the teachers, ought to be *fundamentally*—the latter, however, only *superficially*, or less fundamentally instructed. This distinction is one of the most erroneous and destructive that ever crept into discipline. That education alone is beneficially fruitful which is most perfectly grounded; and, what is more, it is the easiest, and consumes the least time. In order to be convinced of the truth of these assertions, it is only necessary to have a right understanding of the nature of this fundamental knowledge; not of the false pedantry which assumes its name (and is as useless to the professional man as to the amateur), but of the study absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the real nature of the science, of the close connection of all that is essential, and of the constant and rational development of one form or figure from another, so that the preceding form necessarily leads on the succeeding, and the succeeding form is always prepared and facilitated by the preceding.

Between the instruction of the artist and of the amateur there is only this difference—that the latter may discontinue his pursuit of the science earlier than the former, at any point or position of artistic power he may choose to fix; whereas the artist is necessarily obliged to dedicate himself entirely, once and forever, to the art of his election.

Now to return to our own proper question—What is to be learned, and which is the right time for each study?

SONG.

We have already said that if possible every one should learn music: we now pronounce our opinion more especially, that *every one, if possible, should learn singing*. Song is man's own true peculiar music. The voice is our own peculiar connate instrument—it is much more—it is the *living sympathetic organ of our souls*. Whatever moves within us, whatever sensation or emotion we feel, becomes immediately embodied and perceptible in our voice; and so, indeed, the voice and song, as we may observe in the earliest infancy, are our first poetry and the most faithful companions of our feelings, until the "shril pipe of tremulous age." If, as in song, properly so called, music and speech be lovingly united, and the words be those of a true poet, then is consummated the most intimate union of mind and soul, of understanding and feeling—that combined unity, in which the whole power of the human being is exhibited, and exerts upon the singer and the hearer that wonderful might of song, which by infant nations was considered not quite untruly as supernatural; and whose softened, and therefore, perhaps, more beneficent influence, now contributes to social elevation and moral improvement.

Song is the most appropriate treasure of the solitary, and it is at the same time the most stringent and forcible bond of companionship, even from the jovial or the sentimental popular catch of the booth to the sublime creations of genius resounding from congregated artistic thousands

assembled by one common impulse in the solemn cathedral. Devotion in our churches becomes more edifying; our popular festivals and days of enjoyment become more mannerly and animated; our social meetings more lively and intellectually joyful; our whole life, in short, becomes more elevated and cheerful by the spread of the love of song and of the power of singing among the greatest possible number of individuals. And these individuals will feel themselves more intimately connected with society, more largely participating in its benefits, of more worth in it and gaining more by it, when they unite their voices in the social harmony of their friends.

To the musician, but more especially to the composer, song is an almost irreplaceable and indispensable means of calling forth and seizing the most delicate, tender, and deepest strains of feeling from our inmost sensations. No instrument can be a substitute for song, the immediate creation of our own soul in our own breast; we can have no deeper impression of the relation of sound, of the power of melody; we cannot work more effectively upon our own souls and upon those of our hearers than by heartfelt song.

Every friend of music, therefore, should sing; and every musician who has a tolerable voice, should be a master of song in every branch. Song should, also, in the order of time, be our first musical exercise. This should begin in the earliest childhood, in the third to the fifth year, if it be not possible earlier, but not in the form of instruction. The song of the mother which allures imitation, the joyful circle of children playing together, is the first natural singing school, where, without notes or masters, simply according to hearing and fancy, the fibres of the soul are first freely excited and set in vibration. Instruction in music, properly so called, should not in general begin until the second step of life's ladder, between the seventh and fourteenth years.

By far the greatest number of individuals have sufficient qualifications of voice for singing, and to justify their pursuit of the art with reasonable hope of success. Indeed, very considerable and valuable vocal faculties are much more common than is generally imagined. There is certainly less deficiency of natural gifts than of persons observant and talented enough to discover, to foster and to cultivate them. In the meantime, if indeed every one have not disposition and means (and good fortune) to become of some consequence as a singer, let us consider that even with an inconsiderable voice, much of the most touching and joy-inspiring capabilities may be attained, if feeling, artistic cultivation, and a vivid conception speak through a medium but slenderly endowed. Why should any one be dissatisfied if small means and trouble have made him capable of touching our hearts with a joyful or tender song; or have enabled him to participate skillfully in the choral assemblies of his fellow citizens. Whether it may be advisable to proceed farther in singing and the cultivation of the voice, must be decided by the circumstances and inclinations of each individual. From composers, conductors, and higher masters, a complete knowledge of everything belonging to singing is to be absolutely demanded, and also practical execution thereof; unless, indeed, organic defect should render it to them impossible. A composer who does not expressly study singing, and practice it as far as possible, will scarcely be able to write for the voice; he will with difficulty acquire the more delicate musical declamation; he will never become entire master of the life-like conducting of the voice, which is something far different from mere correctness.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

An Opera Rehearsal and Performance.

Castil-Blaze gives a detailed account of an opera rehearsal in Paris, which we translate for the benefit of those who are curious about the movements of actors behind the scenes.

"When a new opera is to be studied, the singers meet at the study-room to rehearse their parts around the pianoforte, at which Henri Potier, an excellent accompanist, officiates. The author presides, and the leader of the orchestra, who wishes to make himself familiar with the score, is present. Not less able than his confrère, M. Dietsch, the other leader, has the chorus under his direction, and exercises them in the great hall on the second floor, *procud negotiis*. The dancers prepare themselves with the ballet master, in their *foyer*, and two violinists, rehearsers of the dance, regulate their movements.

When the singers almost know their parts, they meet at the theatre, where the obscure light does not often allow them to see their score, and they must accustom themselves to perform from memory. Besides this, the prompter is at his post. After some rehearsals as they sit or stand around the stage, the manager, M. Leroy, admirable instructor and erudite comedian, calls the actors up, and, in concert with the author, causes them to act at the same time that they sing their parts. Then everything is arranged in such a way that each personage takes or quits his position, goes to the right or left, or retires, always following the movement and sentiment which the orchestra requires. The instrumental portions which should animate and support the stage action, are modified at the different rehearsals, so that the actor may achieve the desired effect without trouble and with ease. An entrance, an exit or a meeting is twenty or thirty times repeated. In times past these trials were supported by a quintette of violins. Now a piano suffices until the rehearsal becomes general.

The choristers then unite with the principals. The leader of the orchestra takes his place, and leads a double quintette to accompany them. The same ceremony is renewed for the dancers and the corps de ballet. The orchestra has one general rehearsal. The manner in which the overture in "William Tell" was performed at first sight, to Rossini's great surprise, proves that this is not absolutely necessary; but this rehearsal is useful for the collation of the parts. As they are forced to stop every moment or two to correct errors in the manuscript, it is not thought necessary to retain the singers for the rehearsal, which would be useless to them. The decorations are fixed and changed for the *mise en scène*. The scenery, which must move in harmony with the music, the moon, the sun, the thunder, cannon, would be blamed if they worked out of place. A general rehearsal is given, and the stage is occupied only by the performers. Madame displays her whole *toilette*; every one is at his post, and the authors remove to the auditorium. Sometimes a last trial is made in full costume.

The leader of the orchestra has an epitome of the score only before him, arranged in five parts: the first violin; the commencement of the music of the wooden wind instruments; the brass instruments; the vocal part which leads off, and the orchestral bass. The whole score is a useless embarrassment, as the leader has no other occupation than that of turning over the leaves without having the time to read them.

"We must have a representation to-morrow." "Impossible! the opera is not ready, they don't know it well enough." "No matter, it must be done!" "You don't come to the rehearsals; come and judge if—." "I shall be careful not to come, for I shall think as you do, and I absolutely require that it shall be performed to-morrow. It must be done."

This concise but pointed dialogue echoes but too often in our provincial theatres. It is there in particular that an opera is pushed forward before the public, and the fruit is gathered, before it shows signs of maturity. Still I have seen miserable, frightful rehearsals, followed by a very satisfactory performance. When the curtain is up each one redoubles his care and attention, for the moment is serious and decisive.

They call *comparse* (supernumeraries) those persons who appear on the stage to swell the singing and dancing crowd, without taking part with them. Soldiers are frequently employed for this purpose. They know how to march in time to the music. Four hundred soldiers of Biron's regiment manoeuvred on the stage at Versailles in *Ermelinde*. Eight hundred people were seen at the same time in *La Tour Enchante*. We have seen seven hundred at the Opera in the hell of *La Tentation*.

When the curtain falls on the first act, the talk turns on the triumph or the recall of the actors; very different things. A triumph is the result of an enthusiastic success, when a favorite actor, already recalled during the performance, returns at the piece to carry away his harvest of bouquets and crowns. When these prepared projectiles are thrown upon the stage in a transport of admiration; when the ladies throw the masses of rich, brilliant flowers which they have held all the evening, this unpremeditated act doubles the excitement of the audience. But if the crowns fall from the balconies and fourth row boxes, we may readily conclude that the laurels and dahlias, two cents a bunch, were purchased beforehand, betraying a foreordained, organized, success, sustained by *claqueurs* prompt to recall the actor by furious acclamations. These crowns, at three francs a dozen, can be made cheaper yet; for they are picked up, carried back through the lobbies, and thrown again, when the triumphal farce ends in a general furor.

I am astonished that in these days of extravagant hyperbole, people are mistaken enough to call the triumph of an actor or actresses an *ovation*. A hundred oxen were immolated for the triumph of a hero; a single sheep, *ovis*, figured at the sacrifice offered to the least of triumphers. It is because of this sheep, of which the *claqueurs* distribute cutlets (*côtelettes*), that these nice etymologists keep the derisive word *ovation*. Perhaps you know that, in the *claqueur* slang, a salvo of applause is called a *côtelette*.

It was at Marseilles that I saw dramatic bouquets of the most elegant and sumptuous character and colossal form, a yard wide and proportionately tall, where camellias figured of every color on a white base. Only the machinist would have been able to manage the descent of these bouquets, and that by the name of pullies. Mme. Laborde sang once an inconceivable rhapsody called *Le Rossignol*, in the grand theatres at Bourdeaux. She had hardly finished her cavatina, when a monstrous bouquet, awkwardly thrown from the back of a box, struck her directly in the face, overthrew her with its force, and prevented the continuation of the piece.

The performance being over, the principals assume their ordinary dress, and go home in carriages. All that is related of the manners of the Academy is much exaggerated; besides, in other society, the great world presents irregularities equally deserving of blame. Self-love, pride, the rivalry of the talent and success, separate hearts that love should unite. Artists have little sympathy for artists. If they sail on the same waters, follow the same career, they detest each other like brothers.

Would you like to follow these two joyous—or at least, singing and dancing crowds? Place yourself in a dark passage, almost subterranean, opening on the *rue Drouot*, with a damp, dirty pavement. There, at midnight, three or four times a week, a wooden door turns on its hinges, and the young enthusiast for the seductions of the opera, and the ballet in particular, does not dream of its use. From this ignoble egress come forth wrapped in mantles, cloaks, shawls, capes of every age and color, with feet coarsely shod, and tipped necks, these Olympian deities, these wood nymphs, willis, naiads, peris, just before the object of your passionate admiration. You will find around this door but rare instances of French gallantry, awaiting the joy of offering to some solitary sylph their arms and umbrellas at the moment when

See pieds, ses petit pieds de comtesse andalouse.

are about to sink into a sea of mud to escape the cars, not drawn by doves.

"Poor girls!" you will say in seeing them thus thread the damp pavement. But I should not say, "Poor fellows!" on seeing conscripts in a trench, with water to their knees, affronting an enemy's fire in a chilling and penetrating frost. Is one poor, with two treasures in his possession? two treasures which shine, sparkle to our eyes with all imaginable marvels, whose seductions animate our courage and make us brave famine and plague? two treasures such as youth and hope? These conscripts follow the career of marshal of the empire. These ballet-girls see their shoulders covered with cashmeres, bosoms resplendent in diamonds, ravishing crinolines, destined to press the cushions of sumptuous carriages. These debutant warriors, these naive damsels, are sounding the first notes of the gamut; if they do not reach the culminating point, they may attain, midway, a comfortable mediocrity."—*Boston Musical Times*.

Nigger Minstrelsy in England.

About a quarter of a century since, a large proportion of the people of London gave themselves up to one of those fits of idolatry which seems so strangely at variance with the generally phlegmatic character of our race. For the first time they were made familiar with the sort of negro who forms an element of modern American life; and the hideous laugh, the wild gestures, and strange dialect with which they regaled by the celebrated "Jim Crow Rice," produced in them such a novel mixture of wonder and delight that they could not do less than fall down and worship their eccentric instructor. So "Jim Crow" became a fixed idea with the Cockneys, referred to in countless ways and manifested in countless shapes. To the chimney-pieces of the middle classes, where Tom, Jerry, and Logic, Madame Vestris as Giovanni, and Liston as Paul Pry, had previously been placed as household "gods," the effigy of the shabby negro was elevated with all honor, and aspiring youths who were famed for "a good song" regarded a successful imitation of Mr. Rice's vocal performances as an object worthy of the most soaring ambition. Then the burden of Jim Crow's song, "Turn about, wheel about," illustrated by a rotatory movement on the part of the singer, was caught with avidity by the small satirists of the day, who, when they wished to stigmatize statesmen or journals with an habitual readiness to change their political principles, found an apt and universally intelligible illustration of their meaning in the revolving figure of Jim Crow.

There is no doubt that Mr. Rice's performances was of a kind entirely novel to Europe, and that his representation of the negro of modern life must be set down as an important item in that course of ethnological instruction which, at long intervals, is given to the body of the people at places of public amusement. The comic black, who had become a familiar figure to the Londoners prior to the arrival of Mr. Rice, was a fanciful personage, whose neatly striped dress, red slippers, bare legs, and huge ear-rings separated him completely from the actual world, and he was accepted as a convention, like the ordinary figures of pantomimes. The learned, we believe, have decided that the old stage black borrowed his dress from the negroes of the Spanish colonies; but that was a point which the playgoers never thought to investigate thirty years ago, when they were perfectly content to behold a citizen of their own day attired after the fashion immortalized by Hogarth, and found nothing exceptional in a Falstaff who appeared as a sort of military Punchinello, with obvious leanings towards the costume of William III. The black man with the blue and white stripes was the black whom everybody went to see, without asking any questions as to his origin; and a very funny fellow he was. From the stage he has now passed away, but his literary monument may be found in the old musical comedy, the "Padlock," to the perusal of which those of our readers who care about the stage may not unprofitably devote a spare hour. Mungo in the "Padlock" in the best specimen of the old conventional black.

No contrast could be more complete than that between the exceedingly neat negro to whom we have just referred and the ragged, uncouth vagabond who was introduced to the Londoners by "Jim Crow Rice." But in his very shabbiness there was an attraction, "*Le laid, voila le beau!*" is said to have been the esthetic maxim adopted by Victor Hugo when he composed the story of Quasimodo, and there is no doubt that the shabby—not in character, but in costume—is greatly relished by the play-goers of every grade. The charm of the "Wandering Minstrel," represented by Mr. Robson to the delight of the most aristocratic audience, lies not only in his song and in his dialect, but in his tatters; and an Irishman who fastens his coat with a skewer, and substitutes a hayband for a stocking, is welcomed not only as a man and a brother, but as a peculiarly interesting member of the species. In song, dance, rags, dialect, and gesticulation, Mr. Rice was alike acceptable, and the world was surprised to find that a black face could be associated with attributes once monopolized by the inhabitants of St. Giles's and Whitechapel. Billy Waters, the one-legged black fiddler, copied (if not literally taken) from the streets to embellish "Tom and Jerry," and Agamemnon, the attendant negro of the elder Mr. Charles Mathew's "Jonathan in England," had indeed preceded Jim Crow, and had learned their share of notoriety, but they were too much in the background to become the leading idols of a period; and although the respect paid to Billy Waters amounted to a sort of hero-worship, heightened by the circumstance that he was a fact as well as a figure, he had a formidable rival in Dusty Bob, who still lives in memory as the type of the old London Dustman.

The worship of Jim Crow was short-lived as it was ardent; for though his performance was novel, it could be very easily imitated and an English actor named Dunn, who simply copied Mr. Rice, was soon considered his successful rival by the lower class of playgoers, whose opinion with respect to certain branches of art is by no means to be despised. What with the original, and his imitators, and the repetitions of the "Turn about" song in every nook and corner, people began to think the comic negro a bore, just as about eight years since a decided distaste for the pious negro succeeded the rage for Uncle Tom. Jim Crow had been forgotten for something less than ten years when negro humor appeared before the public in an entirely new shape. Instead of donning the tattered coat and hat which Mr. Rice had made popular, or bringing into fashion the discarded blue and white suit of his predecessors, the new artistic negroes accouched themselves in evening suits of black—perfect English gentlemen in every particular save the face. Mr. Rice had displayed his talent in broad Adelphi farces; but Messrs. Pell and Co. eschewed stage-plays, and got up an entertainment which even the Evangelical classes might patronize without inward misgiving. Their maxim was *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, and instead of inviting a roar from the assemblage of an ordinary gallery, they settled themselves in the most western theatre, and courted the smiles and the tears of the aristocratic. They sang about the joys and sorrows incident to negro life; and though some of their comic ditties were absurdities compared to which "Hot Codlins" is a work of high literary art, there was a freshness in their tone that gratified the most fastidious ears, while the more pathetic melodies were not only pleasing in themselves, but frequently accompanied words that, rather in sorrow than in anger, hinted at the miseries of slavery, and therefore accorded with the serious convictions of many of the audience. The form of the entertainment, too, was entirely novel. The minstrels sat in a row of which the two extremities were respectively occupied by the artists on the "bones" and the tambourine. These, who were somewhat more in the foreground than the players on the banjo and violin, were the humorists of the party, throwing themselves into a grotesque attitude during the performance of the music, and filling up the interval of song with verbal jokes of the kind in which the clowns of equestrian ring are wont to

indulge. Mr. Pell, who himself was "bones"—for the word at last came to denote the player as well as the instrument—had really favored London with a new sensation. With the castanet, as the accompaniment to the elegant Spanish dances of Taglioni and Duvernay, everybody had become familiar; but this primitive rattle played with the most frantic contortions, was something entirely without precedent.

At first a few unreasonable grumblers endeavored to stem the popularity of Mr. Pell's company by declaring that the artists were not real blacks, but only white musicians with black faces. This pretended discovery was no discovery at all. Far from wishing to pass themselves off for veritable niggers, Pell and Co., as free-born American American citizens, would have bitterly resented the suspicion that they had the least drop of black blood in their veins; so they lost no time in publishing portraits of themselves, with the white faces bestowed upon them by nature, in addition to others in which they wore the sable hue of their profession. Moreover, they styled themselves "Ethiopian Serenaders," thus selecting the name of the African country totally disconnected with negro slavery.

The popularity of "Jim Crow" was a rage among the middle and lower classes; but the "Ethiopians" set a *fad* in the strictest sense of the word. The highest personages in the land patronised their performances. An ingenious young gentleman who could play on the banjo and sing "Lucy Neal" or "Buffalo Gals" was a welcome guest in the most aristocratic drawing-rooms; and if four amateurs clubbed together and imitated the entire performance of the professors, they were regarded as benefactors to their species. Let the music-books of the year 1846 and thereabouts be turned over, and it will be found what an enormous influence the Pell company had over the social pianoforte performances of their day. But though the Ethiopians started under aristocratic patronage, there was nothing in the nature of their entertainment to favor a continuance of exclusiveness. Italian operas and French plays will always repel the masses, from the simple circumstance that the words employed are in a foreign language, but there was nothing either in the humor or in the music of Pell's company that could not be as readily appreciated in St. Giles's as in St. James's. Consequently the people rushed into the participation of an enjoyment so keenly relished by the upper classes, and not only did imitators of the Ethiopians spring up in the cheapest concert rooms, but a band of itinerant black musicians became as necessary as an appurtenance of the London streets as Punch's show or a barrel-organ, much to the discomfiture of lovers of quiet in general, and of Dr. Babidge in particular.

Among the higher classes, the predilection for Ethiopian minstrelsy apparently died out, but in the lower stratum of society the tradition of Pell was faithfully preserved; and recent events show that even in the fashionable world the love of banjos and black faces was rather in abeyance than utterly extinct. Though negro melody and negro wit had been so done to death in every shape and every quarter, that they seemed on the point of descending into a mere street nuisance, important only to the police, the arrival of the "Christy's Minstrels," about four years since, revived the dormant flame. A host of well-dressed folks were again heard to declare that Ethiopian minstrelsy was the most amusing thing in London, and the pianoforte books were once more filled with songs testifying to the popularity of the new favorites among the select classes of the metropolis.

And the Christy's Minstrels have kept their ground. Pell and Co. founded the taste, which long survived its originators; but the Christy's have secured a permanent existence to their own corporate body. Their principal comic artist died, their manager retired with a fortune in his pocket; but they appointed a new humorist, and subjected themselves to a new chief, and their corporate existence has been no more affected by the ordinary casualties of life than that of the

Merchant Tailor's Company. They have likewise established a regular form of entertainment which is universally recognized; and to this form their competitors, the "Buckley's" and the "Campbell's," generally adhere. The first part of the exhibition consists of a concert in which the performers appear in black evening suits, and play, sing, and joke after the model set by Pell and his associates. There is, however, this difference, that the sentimental songs are commonly without reference to the peculiarities of negro life, and are not unfrequently composed by leading musicians, such as Balf and Wallace. The second part is miscellaneous, and contains a great deal of grotesque dancing, together with a comic scene or two, in which the shabby vagabond negro of "Jim Crow Rice" once more makes his appearance. A burlesque of some well known Italian Opera concludes the whole. If we consider that all this is done, and exceedingly well done, by a company not above twelve strong, we shall have just cause to wonder at the concentration of talent, musical, histrionic, and gymnastic, that has been accomplished in the formation of the troop, and still more, to a marvel at its vitality. When the Arlechino of an old Italian company died, his loss was regarded as a terrible calamity, the extemporaneous character of the "Commedie dell'arte" requiring accomplishments of no ordinary kind; and it would seem that only a rare combination of muscular, vocal, and mimetic powers would enable a man to be chief comedian of the Christy's. So firmly is nigger minstrelsy now established as one of the leading amusements of the metropolis, that London without its regular black band would seem shorn of a necessary appurtenance. The banjo is thrummed all the year round; for when the "Christy's" retire to swallow a mouthful of fresh air and to pick up a pocketful of money in the provinces, the Buckley's or the Campbell's are quick to relieve guard, and make a very respectable figure.

Those who look on everything with a serious face will find in the popularity of nigger minstrelsy among the educated classes a singular illustration of the close connexion that exists between Puritanism and extreme frivolity. Scores of persons who would think it wicked to see the highest work of dramatic art performed by the finest company in the world, will, with the utmost complacency, spend a long evening in listening to trivial jokes, provided they cannot be convicted of "going to the play." It is not that these persons object to the theatre as an edifice, for they will unscrupulously enter any playhouse in London to witness the tricks of a conjurer; neither are they particularly averse to the dramatic form of entertainment, for this is constantly employed in their presence by the artists they delight to patronize. But they must not "go to the play on any consideration, and the distinction they draw is sufficiently practical to prevent the patronage of all that is elevating in the drama and to promote the encouragement of all that is trivial.

There is something melancholy in the fact that a form of religion has widely spread, which manifestly tends to lower the civilization of the educated classes; but those who are content to take things as they find them may agreeably spend an evening with the "Christy's Minstrels," and respect them as a clever sort of artists, who have thoroughly understood how to make the best of the circumstances in which they are placed, and deport themselves ably and conscientiously in their singular vocation.—*London paper*.

Sunday Music on the Common.

Some time since I delivered a lecture on amusements, in which I took a position deemed heretical by the Boston *Recorder*, and other "evangelical" journals. It seemed to me at the time, that the suggestion I made was a legitimate one, and certain facts which have since come to my knowledge serve to strengthen that impression. With your permission, sir, I will make my statement over again, and leave the remedy for the evils, which it is full time we should grapple with, to others, of that which I advocate is not satisfactory. My desire is to see

some force brought to bear on the class of which I spoke.

There is in Boston church-accommodation for about one-half its inhabitants. Were every seat in every church occupied on the Sabbath, there would be from seventy-five to a hundred thousand people who do not hear the Gospel preached. I do not mean by this statement to cut the city in halves, and say this half always attends church, and that half never does. Many of the seventy-five thousand who last Sunday were in the street, will on the next Sunday be in church; and many of the seventy-five thousand who last Sunday were at church, will next Sunday be in the street. I am very glad to correct the wrong impression which most men have when a statement is made that there is church accommodation for only half the people of the city, and to say that as many as two-thirds of our population are, to a greater or lesser extent, under the influence of the Christian pulpit.

But there is a class of men and women, and a large one it is, who, from one year's end to another, never enter a church. They can hardly remember the time when the preacher's voice was heard by them, so far as they are concerned, the pulpit is wholly useless. A part only of this class are reached by the various missions of the city. The ministry to the poor, which is doing more good than all the other religious organizations of the city put together, does in some way touch the hearts of the very many, and help them towards a higher life. But every city missionary will tell you sadly, that the most promising efforts which he makes are very uncertain. If he makes a conversion to-day, he feels that it is necessary to keep a sharp look-out for the converted one, and see that every possible incentive to right living is offered, since the temptations are so many and so strong, that the lapse from good resolutions are things of daily experience.

Now, besides the number of those who are most effectively acted upon by the missionary, there is a last class, from twenty to thirty thousand strong, who never have any good influence brought to bear on them. They never enter our churches, and are as ignorant of the value of Sunday worship as the Chinese. They are not influenced by the missionary, for he finds it impossible to get at them. This large class is composed of our dangerous men and women. They are often found in our jails and houses of correction. They live certainly not by honest labor, rather by begging and stealing. And Sunday is their gala-day. They find more dupes and victims than at any other time. The spread their snares, make their worst appointments and accomplish more on that day than on any other.

Now, sir, the question arises, How can this be remedied? Will you flood the streets with missionaries, who at every corner shall preach the Gospel to all who are willing to hear? I will join in that plan most heartily, and I will see that my Society bears its full portion of the expense of such an enterprise. But since this might be voted a Utopian rather than a practical scheme, what remedy do you offer that shall have immediate effect? What can you do to get those people out of their haunts, and give them a good impression? My plan, and it is not a novel one, was this. Station one or more bands of music on the Common; and on the most dangerous day of the week, the Sabbath, let those people whom you cannot coax into a church, be gathered together, to breathe the fresh air, and listen to music, rather than to the oaths which alone they are accustomed to hear. The influence could not fail of accomplishing good. Religious impression is what you want to give them; and will the Boston *Recorder* say that this cannot be done by music? If you cannot reach them in any other way, will you leave them to their doom, simply because this seems a somewhat novel, though, many chances to one, a very efficient missionary force?

For one, I am willing to urge the movement with all my might. I have no doubt that every Sabbath would produce its good results. The haunts of vice and the homes of poverty would be penetrated, if not pervaded by an influence that would soon produce good fruit. I have taken pains to notice how such a suggestion strikes the poorer classes. I have talked with intelligent men, members of these classes, who know too well how many are the needs of those they represent. And one put his hand on my shoulder, and said sadly: "Yes, we should all go to the Common, though God knows we don't go to church; you church people don't know anything about us, you will never give us so good a thing as that. You don't care for us; you only say you do." He turned away sadly, and I felt that we didn't understand his caste of men and women.

The above-mentioned paper says the apostles would have been surprised if one had mentioned a

brass band as an evangelizing power; but certainly the surprise would not have been greater than that with which, if they were present with us, they would peruse the columns of the Boston *Recorder*.

Some time ago, when there was music on the Common twice a week, it was noticed that the police reports contained only about half the number of arrests for drunkenness on those nights. It only shows that the right kind of people were on the Common; that a brass band was an evangelized power of no slight importance. And if such results could be attained again, the sooner we make music a religious fixture the better. I hope some of our Boston philanthropists will undertake the work as soon as the weather permits.—G. H. H., in *Christian Register*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from *La France Muscale*.

Un Fanatico per la Musica.

The scene we are about to describe, took place not long ago, at St. Petersburg. The journal, *le Nord* published the account originally and we reproduce it. It concerns one Alessandro Lazarev, a genuine *fanatico per la musica*, a *soi disant unappreciated genius* who felt himself called upon to bring about a revolution in the art of music and who, for some eight or ten years, has persisted in obliging the public to hear his symphonies, oratorios, overtures, hymns, &c. His productions indeed, are not entirely wanting in ideas, or in melodies, sometimes sufficiently new; but this unfortunate composer does not possess even the most elementary notions about counterpoint, or of figured bass and consequently he writes scores utterly impossible to be executed by instruments; in a word, perfect *charivari* music. Criticism has told him so several times, but he will not listen to reason and answers by abuse with which he fills great posters three metres long, for lack of any journal that will publish his prose. As you see, he is a maniac, a sort of Russian Wagner.

About a month ago, appeared a pamphlet: "Lazarev and Beethoven," with portraits of the two personages on the cover. The purpose of this document, without signature, was to prove to the public of St. Petersburg that it was a fool and an ignoramus that it did not understand that the *Signore Alessandro Lazarev, amico de Rossini* (so he styles himself in his notices and posters) was by far the superior of the author of *Fidelio* and the *Pastoral Symphony*.

The anonymous writer, styling himself "Counselor of State and Chevalier of several orders," proposed to appear before the public at the first concert of Lazarev, ready to maintain against all comers the right of his protégé to the title of a *composer of genius*. It was supposed at first that there was some humbug about this, but in about ten days appeared a placard announcing for the 29th of March a grand concert of Slavie music of our Wagner, "for the benefit of the Christians in Syria, and *d'après* of the Lazarev and Beethoven pamphlet," at which would be also performed music by Beethoven, so that the public might compare and judge.

An announcement so absurd attracted the crowd. The scandal was smelt afar off, but the result entirely surpassed their expectations. Never was anything so great seen in any concert hall of the old or new world.

The hall of the *Club des Bourgeois* (maison Iakountchikov) was full an hour before the time for the concert, and for a wonder, the doors were found thrown wide open, and no ticket taker before them. Those poor Christians of Syria will have no chance at all. All our musical celebrities, artists and critics came to see how *l'amiè de Rossini* would make that scamp of a Beethoven come down from his pedestal. The orchestra was composed of the first artists of the capital. At half-past two comes the hero of the occasion; he distributes the parts to the musicians with his own hands and ascends his place with a triumphant air.

In Russia they love courage and intrepidity. The

maestro bows with dignity and gives the signal to the orchestra. The first *morceau* is executed amid profound silence; however, by degrees they begin to make interruptions and quite hoisterous laughs are heard among the audience and even among the musicians. When the piece is ended, for better or for worse, the public calls vociferously for the author of the pamphlet to present his argument. Alessandro Lazarev appears again to announce that the "Counselor of State and chevalier of several orders, Markov is indisposed; but that he is not an imaginary personage. He exists, and those who have any doubt about it can clear up their doubts at his lodgings at the Bridge *Alartchine*." General laughter in the audience.

The second piece was about to begin when suddenly an individual with long curly hair, a musical critic well known and highly esteemed, mounts a chair and asks to be heard.Leave was immediately given and he proceeds, "Gentlemen," said the improvised orator, "you have heard the first piece of this illustrious composer, and it has given you a complete idea of the calibre of his talent. Shall the author of such a cacophony be permitted to couple his name with that of the greatest of composers? Is it not an unworthy speculation, and shall not we be right in throwing rotten potatoes at him who has dared to humbug us in this fashion?"

This sally was received with unanimous bravos. Lazarev, not admitting himself to be conquered, rushes to the tribune, (that is, his desk) and asks for silence and the attention of the audience. "Listen, gentlemen, listen I pray you to my overture; you shall then hear one of Beethoven's; then you can make the comparison. As to this gentleman who has just spoken, I despise him and laugh at his opinion." So saying, he gave the signal again to the orchestra, and the overture began.

This bravado lent fire to the powder. The audience rose noisily, and cried; "Stop, stop your *charivari*! You are splitting our ears! This is too bad!" The fanatical *maestro* throws himself into all sorts of attitudes, continuing to direct the orchestra. The patience of the public is exhausted. They make missiles of the handbills, and of every thing they can lay hands upon, and throw them from all sides at the head of the rival of Beethoven. He still holds his ground, although part of the musicians have taken flight; the tumult in the audience rises with the row in the orchestra. At last some individuals rush to the platform and intimate to Lazarev a hint to beat a retreat. He tries to resist, but the numbers of the besiegers being always *crescendo*, the unhappy *maestro* is soon dragged off by a crowd that insults, pushes, crowds and finally hustles him out of the hall.

This is the way that with us, they encourage innovators, pioneers of musical reform and people who wish to create music such as no one ever heard! In this respect St. Petersburg is as barbarous as Paris. There they hiss the *Tannhäuser*, and do not wish to listen to the music of the future. We must suppose that the music of Lazarev is of a still more distant future, since it draws down upon him kicks instead of hisses.

Music Gardens of Berlin.

Out of the well known street, *unter den Linden*, passing through the magnificent Brandenburg gate, the suburban seeker finds himself in the *Thier-Garten*, a vast park through which runs a wide avenue lined with poplars and lindens, and leading to Charlottenburg. This park, though just outside the wall of a populous city, is as wild and as densely overgrown with trees as a primeval forest. Here and there are little lakes, which, it must be confessed, are generally stagnant and suggestive of miniature dismal swamps, indeed, the *Thier Garten* is rather damp than otherwise, but this is the only drawback to one of the noblest parks in existence. In one part of it is Kroll's, a sort of theatre and open-air garden, one of the characteristic features of Berlin amusements. It

MARTHA.

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MARTHA.

No. 10. SCÈNE et NOCTURNE.

MARTHA.

63

A handwritten musical score for a piano, consisting of five staves of music. The score is in common time and uses a key signature of two flats. The music is divided into two sections: the first section is in a faster tempo (indicated by a 'f' dynamic) and the second section is in an 'Andante' tempo. The first section features a series of eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. The second section begins with a dynamic of 'pp' and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction. The music is annotated with various dynamics including 'ff', 'p', 'pp', 'dim.', and 'p p *rall.*' The score is written on five staves, with the right hand typically playing the upper staves and the left hand the lower ones. The handwriting is in black ink on a light-colored page.

Et cetera sunt voces non vobis locutae, vobis
concedentes, vobisque regatae, non vobis patentes.

Et cetera sunt voces non vobis locutae, vobis

concedentes, vobisque regatae, non vobis patentes.

Et cetera sunt voces non vobis locutae, vobis
concedentes, vobisque regatae, non vobis patentes.

MARTHA.

64

The musical score for Martha, page 64, is a two-piano or organ duet. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and is mostly in B-flat major. The score includes various dynamics such as tr, pp, cresc., dol., pp, Ped. morendo, *dolce., smorz. 3, and morendo. The notation includes sixteenth-note patterns and sustained notes.

is a really splendid building, the principal apartment being an immense and elegant hall, profusely decorated, lighted up with huge chandeliers, and provided with a stage and the usual accessories.

Here, every night at six o'clock, an opera is performed in German; Flotow, Weber, and Lortzing being the most popular composers. The band is excellent, and the singers above mediocrity. You never hear an old, worn-out, feeble singer. Voice, voice, voice, seems to be the first requisite, and the German operatic artists of Kroll's always possess this essential element of success. Between the acts everybody, male and female, Herr and Frau, and Fraulein, and Kinder, go out to the adjoining rooms to revel in beer. Were I to send to you a statistical report of the immense size of the glasses from which the Teutonic nectar is imbibed, I should be scouted as another Baron Munchausen. Having drank as much beer as would fill an ordinary bathing tub, the Kroll visitor is summoned by a bell to listen to the next act; which over, off he, she or they rush for more beer. So after the second act. Ditto after the third act. Then after the last act all go into the garden to drink beer indefinitely.

These gardens are very pretty, and are illuminated with revolving cones of gas jets, and furnished with seats and tables. While the people drink and smoke the orchestra takes its place on a platform and plays divinely. Now it is the weird overture to Oberon—now the grand Coronation March of Meyerbeer's Prophets—now one of the witching waltzes of Lanzky or Lanner, or the still more enchanting strains of Strauss. So for an hour or two more the festivities are kept up till about half-past ten o'clock, when it is all over. The entrance to the garden, entitling you only to hear the orchestral music before and after the opera, is seven cents—inclusive of the opera, from 20 to 25 cents, according to the place. There are other cheaper music gardens in and about Berlin, open every night.—*Corr. of N. Y. Evening Post.*

MUSIC IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.—Another exercise which should enter into every scheme of primary instruction, is vocal music. Its claims to public recognition as a regular school exercise, rest upon its value as a means of cultivating the ear to a nice discrimination of sounds, and of the vocal organs to an accurate utterance of the notes of the gamut—upon the rich and pure fountain of enjoyment which it opens to its possessors—but especially upon its blessed and tranquilizing influence upon the minds and hearts of the children in the school-room. As an auxiliary in government, its aid is invaluable. When some excitement has ruffled the temper, or perturbed the spirits of the little school community, it comes like messenger of peace, and the swelling breast is calm. When the mind is weary with application, it yields to the power of song, and returns to its labor refreshed and strengthened. We all know the strange power of music upon our own feelings, and can readily see that upon the susceptible natures of children this influence is greatly enhanced. Unlike almost everything else, music would seem to be an unmixed good.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

THE NATIONAL HYMN.—The committee on the national hymn announce that the time for the reception of manuscripts by them has expired, and that no more will be admitted to competition. The number already in their hands is over eleven hundred and fifty. The public will see at once that the examination and comparison of such a mass of manuscript matter must be a work of some time. The committee therefore ask the indulgence of those who are interested in this subject; and they take this opportunity of saying to contributors that the first announcement of their decision will be made publicly, and that personal inquiry upon that subject will be entirely in vain.

MAUNSELL B. FIELD, Secretary.

New York, June 21.

Musical Correspondence.

TOWNSEND, MASS., JUNE 22.—During a recent tour through the West, we chanced to tarry for a short period in Shelbyville, a small town in the interior of Kentucky, famed in the regions thereabout for its educational institutions of which there are five, —two for males and three for females—all of them in quite a flourishing condition. It was the anniversary occasion in some of the schools, and public exhibitions were being held for the benefit of numerous friends and patrons of the various institutions. On the morning of the 12th inst., we were privileged

with listening to the silvery eloquence of a few zealous sons of the South, as they held forth to a very respectable audience seated in a delightful grove, in front of one of the principal buildings to the Episcopal College. The orations were, on the whole, creditable to the young gentlemen, who delivered them—if we except two or three, who seemed anxious to exhibit their independence by advocating the claims of the South—urging the chivalric sons of Kentucky to unite their fortunes with those of the rebel Confederacy. We were gratified to learn, however, that Shelbyville is eminently a Union place—her most distinguished and respectable citizens declaring unconditionally in favor of the *Constitution* and the *Law*. Secession is below par, and few can be found bold enough to declare their treasonable sentiments even if entertained. Would it were so throughout the whole length and breadth of the State.

On the evening of the same day our attention was arrested by the appearance of a programme for a concert, to be given in the Presbyterian Church by the young ladies of Shelbyville Female College. Of course, there was no resisting such an attraction, and, accordingly—we soon found ourselves closely wedged in among an immense and brilliant audience, all seemingly intent on being pleased, judging by the indiscriminate clamor of applause, which succeeded each and every performance. In both instrumental and vocal pieces, the efforts of the young ladies were most admirably seconded by the magic tones of the Professor's violin—so skillfully superadded as effectually to cover all defects and finish up the whole with remarkable eclat. But the crowning attraction of the evening was *Hiauatha Schottisch*, quite ostentatiously set forth as a composition of Talexy (but in reality one of Bellak's easy Duets), for six *Pianos*, twenty-four performers."

Being simply an amateur in the fine arts, we could scarcely comprehend the manner in which the terms of the programme could be fulfilled—*forty fingers on one piano!* That must necessarily put nearly all the keys in motion, especially on a "six octave"—but, in due time, the enigma was solved—twenty-four young ladies made their appearance—seated at their pianos, each using but *one* hand! Truly the people out West are munificent in the bestowal of commendation; and the ingenious little German Professor, to whom the credit of the arrangement belongs, seems to understand very well how to call forth the applause of the multitude.

We would venture to suggest, that all instructors of music, in our female seminaries might learn from this and adopt a similar plan, as one well calculated to produce the impression of rare musical skill, on part of both teachers and pupils, and this without so great an expenditure of time and labor as is usually employed for a similar purpose. Why spend weeks and months of unnecessary drill to render pupils exact and independent in the presentation of their pieces, before an audience, who never look beyond the surface, but who so good-naturedly bestow their approbation on what is only seemingly meritorious.

No matter if the uninitiated be slightly deceived—if they do wonder and admire without cause—the great object of a musical education seems to have been gained, when public applause is secured, and he, who has tact and ingenuity enough to cause an illusion of two senses at once, and make a *grand display*, will be sure to share most largely in popular renown. We offer them a plea in behalf of the large class of young ladies, who are now so grievously burdened by a system of never-ending practising and recommend most earnestly that the Professors take a much larger share of the performance upon their own shoulders, and lead off, either by means of a violin, or otherwise, to relieve their pupils from embarrassing mistakes. Moreover, we would have them learn to exercise a little more ingenuity, in devising some plan by which those unfortunates, who possess

neither musical ability nor industry may receive the coveted applause—of being "splendid performers."

T.

A PLAY AT THE TUILERIES.

One evening last week one of the earlier plays of Dumas was performed at the Tuileries. Eighty ladies were present. At the close of the performance the Empress approached the leading actor, Montrose, and having complimented him on his performance, inquired of him, with a smile, how long it was since the play had been performed at the French theatre? The actor replied that it had not been performed there for forty years. "In that case," replied the Empress, laughing, "I beg that you will say nothing about it; for there are several ladies here who never admit that they are thirty years of age, and who have just assured me that they have seen this played at the French theatre."

AN ARTISTIC CONCERT.

The Society of the *Union Artistique* has given at the Italian theatre, hired for the occasion, a magnificent concert. The *andante* and *finale* of Beethoven's Symphony in A, and the *Benedictus* of the Mass in D, by the same author; the *Piano Concerto*, in D minor, by Bach; and the overture of Mendelssohn's "Quiet Sea," were given, in their most perfect style, by the unrivaled artists of the *Conservatoire*. Living composers were represented by an *Ave verum* of Gounod; a song from Membree's opera, *Fingal*; and the sublime, descriptive composition of Félicien David, "The Last Judgment," which formed the leading feature of the evening's programme.

DAVID THE COMPOSER.

The author of the "Desert," the "Pearl of Brazil" and the "Last Judgment," though he has now fully conquered the reluctant suffrages of Paris, was long the object of the bitterest and most persistent hostility. The boldness of his conceptions and the originality of the means which he employs in working them out, though now lauded to the skies, were formerly denoued as monstrous, heretical and absurd. Gentle, refined and exceedingly sensitive, the feelings of the man suffered intensely under the persecution to which the artist was subjected; and it would be difficult to imagine a more touching protest against the cruel virulence of party passion than the expression of patient, weary suffering worn into the features of the man of genius, whom long persecution had rendered prematurely old.

Tall, slightly bent, thin as a shadow; a high forehead, already bald; black elf locks, streaked with silver, falling backwards from a pale, long face; large, lustrous black eyes, deep, earnest and sorrowful; a mouth placid, but as sad in expression as the eyes; and an air of almost feminine gentleness and timidity, make up a personality equally striking and pathetic. There is no sign of weakness about the man. He is evidently one to hold on his way, as he has done, gently but firmly; never flinching under opposition, but feeling it so acutely that no amount of success can ever obliterate the traces of the suffering through which he has won his way to his present eminence.—*Paris Corr. of N. Y. Eve. Post, May 24, 1861.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 29, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

CHEVE'S SYSTEM.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1861.—We observe that the article on the new French method of musical instruction published in your Journal of May 18, has elicited considerable comment, and called out a desire for further facts and details concerning it—more particularly for some comprehensive statement of the general principles which it embodies.

The object of the above-mentioned article was simply to point out some of the advantages to be derived from a study of this simple and beautiful system, and to show the high esteem in which it is held in France, in spite of the prejudice and opposition which—in common with all other important discoveries—it was, at first, obliged to encounter.

Numerous letters of inquiry from different parts of

the country have been addressed to us to which we cannot specially reply, but, as soon as time and the pressure of other duties will permit, we design to furnish a series of articles which shall give "more light" upon the merits and prominent features of this favorite system, of which so little is known here, and convey a clear idea of "what precisely this system is and how it differs from the plan of musical instruction in vogue in this country."

We are satisfied, from personal observation of its workings in Paris, that its introduction and application upon a large scale in this country, would not only render the study and science of music general among our people, but would most likely lead to an entire revolution in the prevailing ideas of its uses. It only wants to be known to be appreciated. Meantime, we are pleased to see so much interest manifested in the subject, and trust that it will be thoroughly tested after the present contest between *Barbarism and Civilization* is ended, and the inhabitants of this Continent shall have entered upon that glorious destiny which is in store for them as a consequence of the powerful blow which our great republic is about to strike for its free institutions.

AMATEUR.

Concert Programmes.

In an article, written in the early part of the year, on "Popular Concerts" (vol. xviii., No 19) we made the statement, that the mass of the people remain children, and that, therefore, any instruction in music ought to proceed from the rudiments of musical Art, and practically, from simple national airs to "classical" or scientific music. There is another class of persons, not over-numerous, who have heard a good deal of good music and learned to like it. Anything by Beethoven, or Haydn or Mozart is received by them with pleasure and reverence. But to many of them Bach or Schumann are incomprehensible; the music before Haydn generally is not as pleasant to them as that of the later masters, and even the later works of Beethoven sound strange to their ears. This is not surprising, when we consider the psychological fact, that it is *habit* which makes things pleasant and dear, and that such persons are not in the habit of hearing older music or music of Beethoven's later period, or of Schumann. In our concerts intended for the larger public, such as the "Philharmonic" were, it would be unwise, we think, to introduce some of the older music at present. In Leipzig, to be sure, they have been performing one of C. Ph. Emanuel Bach's symphonies lately, with great aplause. But at Leipzig the public is accustomed to the music of J. Sebastian Bach and the older masters generally. We have heard the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven here, and it was received with general enthusiasm; that is a very good sign; but we have seen the beautiful music by Beethoven to Goethe's Egmont fall dead upon the same audience that was enraptured with the Ninth. This shows that there is still room for improvement in that direction.

Progress in taste proceeds from a few chosen minds, around whom cluster those lovers of the Ideal who are most susceptible to beauty in whatever art it be represented. In music composers and artists of the true stamp constitute such nuclei. By playing to the sympathizing few the best of their own or of other great master's works, they increase the taste and appreciation of the best in music in their homes. As there is no rest in the mental progress of man, these select few, educated to love the best and constantly improved and elevated to higher levels by the influence of composers and artists, cannot help diffusing such healthful influence in wider circles. In larger audiences they form the centre from which appreciation and applause of the best passages proceed, sympathetically moving the less educated and sensitive.

It is with these select audiences that progress in a

new, unknown direction is to begin. And it rests with the chosen artists whose performances they attend, to give a start to such progress. When audiences have become familiar with a good number of Beethoven's earlier works for the Piano, with his earlier chamber-music, with the easier chamber-music of Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn, then it is time for them to be introduced to Beethoven's later Sonatas, to his later chamber-music, to Schumann's larger works and to the wonderful music left as a rich legacy by Joh. Seb. Bach. The works of this master are almost unknown, only here and there some few of his compositions have been produced in select circles. They contain in a severe form, full of intricate harmonies, alive with contrasted melodies, such a wealth of beauty, of intensest feeling, of lyric vividness, of dramatic force, that he who has come to penetrate through the outer barrier of confusing harmonies and rhythm, stands enchanted, and longs for nothing else but Bach. So it is with the later compositions of Beethoven and so with many of Schumann's larger works.

We have the right kind of music-lovers in our city to begin such a course of progressive and extensive musical studies, as far as they can be pursued in the concert-room. We well remember the thrill of pleasure that ran through the audience when the Quartette, op. 74, in E flat by Beethoven was performed for the first time. That Quartette is not very easy to understand, yet it took its hearers the first time by storm. Of the later Quartettes by these masters nothing has yet been heard here. Nor did we hear any of the Sonatas by Beethoven, which, belonging to the latest period, embody all the manly, ripe strength and experience of the master, the only piece of that period having been the Ninth Symphony which was received in an appreciative manner. It seems now to rest with the few gifted artists to continue on this rising road to progress, and to give the lovers of good music an opportunity to acquaint themselves with older as well as later music. The middle period being tolerably well known and comprehended, musical knowledge ought to expand and musical appreciation to embrace less known works that are harder to understand.

We have been led to this train of remark by a concert programme sent us from Wurzburg, in the southern part of Germany. For some time past three men in Germany have made the study of the last Piano Sonatas by Beethoven their especial business; *Hans von Bülow*, the son-in-law of Liszt, *Brossard* and *Mortier de Fontaine*. The name of the first of the three is familiar to the readers of our Journal, having been frequently mentioned in former years in concert-notices from Berlin and Paris. They have done a great deal in making German audiences familiar with those works that are so little known, though they deserve to be so widely known. The last named artist, *Mortier de Fontaine*, in April last, came to Wurzburg on a concert-tour, intending to give but one concert. So great, however, was the enthusiasm he created, that he had to yield to the entreaties of the Wurzburgers and give four concerts. The programme of the second concert is the one sent to us, and we here print it, as it presents some novelties, aside from the intrinsic merit of the pieces. We translate the bill literally.

1 a (By request) Passacaglia	George Muffat	(?-about 1700)
1 b Air and Gigue	G. A. Handel	(1684-1759)
1 c Chromatic Fantasia	J. S. Bach	(1685-1750)
2 a Affettuoso	C. Ph. E. Bach	(1714-1788)
2 b Polonaise (Adagio)	Wih. F. Bach	(1710-1784)
2 c Studio	Francesco Durante	(1698-1755)
3 Sonate: a Andante, b Presto	Jos. Haydn	(1732-1809)
4 Trios for Piano, Violin and Violoncello with Messrs. Kömpel, Hanoverian Concert-master, (Violin) and Schindlöcker, Bavarian Court-musicians (Violoncello): a Allegro, b Andante graciioso, c Finale.	W. A. Mozart	(1756-1791)
5 Sonata (op. 110)	L.van Beethoven	(1770-1827)
6 a Barcarolle, b Scherzo, and c Sarabande for violin and piano, played by Messrs. Kömpel and Mortier de Fontaine	L. Spohr	(1783-1860)
6 a Nocturne (op. 62, No. 2)	Fr. Chopin	(1810-1849)
7 b Capriccetto (op. 66, No. 1)	Ferd. Hiller	(1811)
7 c Saltarello (op. 23)	C. V. Alkan	(1815)

Now such an historical concert is really quite interesting in presenting to the audience different styles of music and thus enabling them intelligently to judge of the characteristic marks of each. There is another feature which seems very commendable. The artist is not above Father HAYDN. There is a certain snobbishness among younger artists with reference to the older masters that is sometimes really amusing. "We have got beyond Haydn: he is too uninteresting to play him now," is a remark not seldom heard. We remember to have seen concert-programmes of Frau Clara Schumann, on several of which *Sonata* by Haydn was to be found. We should like to see the keys of some of the pieces for this programme stated; otherwise we think it unexceptionable. When shall we in Boston hear such concerts, combining instruction with elevated enjoyment? Will none of our resident artists undertake to let us hear pieces by the older masters and the better works of Beethoven? It would certainly be a very praiseworthy and we hope a very successful enterprise. Let Horace's maxim be remembered and acted upon:

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
or in a free translation:
He is most successful who unites the useful with the pleasant.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Notwithstanding the departure of the court and the absence even of Prince Jerome and Princess Clotilde, two very gay entertainments of rather a novel description were given last week at the Ministre d'Etat and the hotel of M. de Morny, President of the Corps Legislatif. Instead of the operetta, of one act, which it has been so much the fashion of late to introduce at the receptions, one or two acts of the *Misanthrope* of Moliere, played by Samson and Regnier, (those veterans of the Theatre Française) M. Plessy, and others, were performed at M. Walewski's with the greatest success that the piece is one better calculated to be appreciated in a salon than on the stage, where many of its more delicate shades are of necessity lost. The bill of fare for the evening's entertainment was still further varied by the re-appearance of Liszt and his performance of two wonderful pieces on the piano, as well as his masterly accompaniment of Pauline Viardot, in the German ballad of the "Erl King." At M. de Morny's two slight pieces of comic character were given, the first one of those witty, brilliant effusions in which the French peculiarly excel, called a "proverbe," and in which that charming actress, Mlle Madelaine Broha and Brassaut delighted all the audience; the second an operetta bouffe, "M. Choufleury Migline," of which the lively music and the droll incidents were admirably given and thoroughly enjoyed. When it is recalled that the lounging room from such a *spectacle* was the gallery of magnificent pictures of the Count de Morny, from which all but the choicest gems are carefully excluded, it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater treat to the senses and the intellect than the one thus offered to his guests. Lighted up by a thousand wax candles might be seen, in the intervals of the performance, such Rembrandts, Van de Velde and Hobbemas are as rarely to be met with singly in any one collection; whilst he is well known to be the possessor of the masterpieces of Gremz, Boucher, Fragonard, Prudhon, Meissonier, and other eminent masters of the French school. The entertainment was most successful, and all the better appreciated from the rarity of such receptions at this period of the year.—*Corr. of the North American.*

Cologne.

It having occurred to me that the *Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest* may not be an uninteresting topic to some of your readers, I beg to forward you a short account of the present year's celebration.

This festival, which consists of three concerts given on three consecutive evenings, and which is held yearly in Whitsuntide at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Dusseldorf, was celebrated this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the able direction of Franz Lachner, of Munich. The first concert opened on Sunday, the 19th inst., with Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. Nothing could surpass the precision and delicacy with which this noble work was executed. The orchestra,

composed of first-class artists from far and near, responded heartily to Herr Lachner's efforts; and the result was what might have been expected. The perfect silence observed during the performance, and the deafening applause which followed the conclusion of each movement, showed how thoroughly the audience appreciated what they heard.

The symphony was followed, after a short pause, by the same composer's *Missa Solemnis*, in D. major (Op. 123). This colossal work, which took its author more than three years to compose, and was regarded by himself as his most complete composition, is, however, very seldom attempted in Germany, on account of its magnitude and difficulty—obstacles only to be overcome on occasions like the present, when so large a number of practised musicians concentrate their energies towards the same point. The performance of the mass reflected the same credit on the chorus as the symphony had done on the orchestra. The solos were well executed; the obligato for the violin, one of the principal features of the "Benedictus," being played by Herr Joseph Joachim, with that exquisite taste and finish for which he stands alone. With the Mass in D terminated the first concert. The success of the second was equally brilliant. The programme was composed of Mozart's orchestral symphony in C major, and Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*. The oratorio which formed the second part of the concert was a perfect triumph for all concerned. The choruses, from first to last, were sung with a vigor and accuracy that left it difficult to decide to which the palm was due. Two were unanimously encored—viz., the first chorus in the second part, "Glorreich ist Gott," and the last but one in the 3rd part, "See the conquering Hero comes." Frau Rübsamen-Veith, who had ably sustained the soprano music in the *Missa Solemnis* on the previous evening, acquitted herself most brilliantly in that of Achsah. Her rendering of the airs, "Horch auf den Vogel Jubelchor!" and "O hält' ich Jubal's Harf," was irreproachable. The part of Joshua was undertaken by Herr Carl Schneider of Wiesbaden; Othniel and Caleb by Frau Potthoff-Diehl, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Herr Julius Krause, of Berlin, singers of well-attested capabilities. The theatre, crowded to excess, resounded with applause whenever a halt in the music allowed of it; and every one present seemed to participate heartily in the feeling of enthusiasm with which Handel's splendid composition (if justice be done to it) all who listen to it must be inspired.

The programme for the third concert was as follows:—

PART I.

1. Overture, "Oberon" (Weber).
2. Aria, "Mirane" (composed in 1863), Frau Potthoff-Diehl. (Rossi).
3. Concerto, Pianoforte, and Orchestra, Frau Clara Schumann (Schumann).
4. Aria "Figaro's Hochzeit," by Herr Krause (Mozart).
5. "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" from the *Missa Solemnis* (Beethoven).

PART II.

1. Prélude and Fugue for Orchestra (F. Lachner).
2. "Hallelujah," cantata for Soprano, "Esther," Frau Rübsamen-Veith (Handel).
3. Concerto, Violin and Orchestra, Herr Joachim (Beethoven).
4. Aria "Euryanthe" Herr Schneider (Weber).
5. Grand chorus: "The Heavens are telling" (Haydn).

The appearance of such artists as Mad. Schumann and Herr Joachim together in this programme was alone sufficient to stamp the character of this final concert. The solos were well chosen and well executed, especially the "Hallelujah," and air from *Euryanthe*, in which Frau Rübsamen-Veith and Herr Schneider confirmed the good opinion already formed of their abilities. The prelude and fugue, a new composition of Franz Lachner's, was vigorously played, and received with unbounded applause. The concert found a worthy finale in the chorus which closes the first part of Haydn's *Creation*; orchestra and singers vied with each other in obtaining a perfect performance, and succeeded to the satisfaction of everybody.

Thus ended the 38th Niederrheinisches Musik Fest; the theatre was filled each night to the ceiling with lovers of the art, gathered together from all parts of Germany. Great credit is due to Franz Wüllner, music director of Aix-la-Chapelle, for the pains he must have taken to bring the chorus up to the mark at which Herr Lachner found them. There were 426 singers and 135 players—561 performers in all.—*Corr. of Musical World* June 8.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Signor Mario made his first appearance on Monday night with one of those parts in which he stands unrivaled. So brilliant a Count Almaviva as his has not been witnessed by the present generation of opera-goers. Incomparable as an exhibition of vocal skill, it is also a pattern of high-class comedy—natural and refined in an equal measure, easy, elegant, and in every sense attrac-

tive. Such a performance is the more to be valued at a time when scarcely a contemporary singer, Italian or non-Italian, can execute the music of Rossini's most dashing hero with the requisite grace and fluency. To these qualities, moreover, rare as they are just now, Signor Mario joins unflagging spirit and a kind of gentlemanly humor as agreeable as it is peculiarly his own. On Monday night—as though, for reasons unnecessary to state, resolved to do his best—he fairly eclipsed his previous achievements. In his very best days he has seldom played Almaviva so unexceptionally well—never, on any occasion with more uniform and sustained excellence. He was received with the old heartiness, and at once—in the beautiful cavatina, "Ecco ridente il Cielo"—rewarded his patrons with a specimen of legitimate Italian art, combining the utmost purity of expression with a style and method altogether faultless. The duet with Figaro—"All' idea di quel metallo"—was, if possible, even better, the florid passages at the end of the quick movement ("A che d'amore") being delivered, "mezza voce," with an evenness, fluency, rapidity and perfect truth of intonation not to be surpassed. To avoid details, we may add that the rest was of the same stamp; that not one moment of apathy weakened the effect of the performance; and that Almaviva's last solo (in the trio with Rosina and Figaro) was marked by the same careful refinement as his first, the well known "Zitti zitti, piano piano!" which forms the last movement of the trio, eliciting a loud and general encore. As Signor Mario never sang or acted better, so was he never more liberally applauded. In short, he was to employ the conventional expression, "in his finest voice," and did thorough justice to his admirable talent. Our crowded space will not allow more than a word or two for the other performers. Mad. Miolan Carvalho's Rosina showed all that extraordinary vocal facility for which it was so much admired last season; Signor Ciampi's Bartolo, though overstrained and turbulent, was original and painstaking; Signor Tagliafico's Bartolo was an extremely diverting caricature, and Signor Ronconi's Figaro more than raucy and inimitable—a modern Figaro, indeed, upon which a volume might be written.

On Saturday *La Sonnambula* was given for the first time. On Tuesday the *Prophète* was repeated. On Thursday, *Guillaume Tell*, and last night *La Sonnambula*, again to be repeated on Monday. Thus, we need hardly say, the star of Adelina Patti seems to be greatly in the ascendant. *Il Barbieri* to-night.—*Musical World*, June 8.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fourth and last concert, which took place on Wednesday, was not only in every way worthy of its predecessors, but might be looked upon as the triumphant climax to its third season. Never has Mr. Alfred Mellon's band more brilliantly distinguished itself than upon this occasion, and the warm and hearty recognition of its merits at the conclusion of each piece was never more fully deserved. The instrumental selection was particularly rich, comprising three overtures, the least known of Spohr's *Der Berggeist*, bringing with it almost the charm of novelty, the best known of Mendelssohn's, the exquisitely poetical *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which the execution was perhaps the finest ever heard in London, and Weber's familiar *Euryanthe*. But beyond these there were other, and still more interesting features in the programme; the most remarkable being Professor Sterndale Bennett's concert in C minor, for pianoforte, No. 3 of the four published. That such a work should have been so long overlooked by our pianists is indeed unaccountable; and now that Miss Arabella Goddard has set the example by playing two of the series within little more than a week, we may possibly have an opportunity of more frequently hearing one or other of the concertos which are in every way worthy of being placed in the same category as the acknowledged masterpieces of the great composers. True, there are but few before the public so thoroughly competent as Miss Arabella Goddard, to whom it is not too high praise to say that anything more refined, expressive, and intellectual than her reading of this concerto was never heard, and the long-continued applause and universal recall, were only compliments due to the merit of so wonderful a performance, to which the delicately subdued and skillfully managed accompaniment of the orchestra lent an additional charm. Of Beethoven's symphonies the "Pastoral" is perhaps the most familiar and best understood, being melodious throughout, and completely suited to the appreciation of all who have any taste of feeling for music. To say that the execution was worthy the composition will not appear too high an encomium for those who know the materials of which Mr. Alfred Mellon's band is composed, and how thoroughly they are under the control of the accomplished conductor.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the last concert on Monday, the feature was the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music. The performance was got up with infinite care and pains and reflected the utmost credit on Dr. Wylde, the band, chorus, principal singers and reciters. The poem was read by Miss Heraud and Mr. Ryder, and the principal singers were Mr. George Perren, Mr. Richard Seymour, Mr. C. Henr. and Herr Formes. Miss Heraud has hardly power enough for such an area as that of St. James's Hall, but her voice is sweet, and its inflections are managed very skillfully. The poem was abridged here and there, but still the verses seemed interminable, and the splendor and beauty of the music could hardly relieve their tediousness. The introduction into a concert-room of these long poems, tragedies, in fact, with music however attractive is, we are convinced, a mistake. No performance could be more complete and admirable than that of Monday evening at St. James's Hall, but still the audience was very much inclined to devote themselves to sleep during the recitations. Should Dr. Wylde contemplate repeating *Antigone* on any future occasion, we strongly counsel him to reduce the poem at least two-thirds, whereby he will increase the attraction of the music ten-fold. The programme, among other things, included Beethoven's symphony in D, and the overture to *Euryanthe*, both of which were played magnificently. Herr Formes sang the air "La Calunnia," from the *Barbieri* with immense effect. A new disposition was made of the orchestra. The chorus was so large as nearly to occupy the whole of platform, and the band were placed on the ground in front. There was an immense attendance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mlle. Adelina Patti's second impersonation was looked forward to with the greatest interest and curiosity, and a fuller attendance we do not remember at the Royal Italian Opera on any former occasion than on Saturday, when the young artist was announced for the heroine in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her two previous performances in the *Sonnambula* had literally worked up the Opera public to the highest pitch of expectation. We cannot say, however, that these exorbitant expectations were entirely realized. Indeed, with an artist who has such great instincts, and, as far as we permitted to judge at present, possesses such an intuitive knowledge of character, this was impossible. The character of Amina is far more difficult to embody than Lucia, and requires far greater histrionic powers, as may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that the former was written for Pasta, the empress of lyric tragedy, and the latter for Persiani, the queen of bravura singing. As a test of the capabilities of the actress, it was consequently instituting an antichlimax, to put Mlle. Patti into Lucia after the *Sonnambula*. Donizetti's music is charming, and Sir Walter Scott's heroine, somewhat paled indeed in the ineffectual fire of the Italian poet, is sufficient interesting; but, excepting in the mad scene, the artist has really no self-dependent great situation, since in the finale to the second act the roaring brother and the "cursing tenor" do all in their power by vociferation and gesture to "pluck" all hearing and seeing that away. Mlle. Patti looked the character of Lucy to the life, recalling more, perhaps, than any singer we have seen the exquisite description of the novelist: "Something there was of feminine softness, perhaps the result of delicate health, or residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." That her emotion seemed to have been toned down to this delineation is not at all unlikely, seeing that the fire and energy exhibited by all modern impersonators of Lucia, in the scene where Ashton shows her the forged letter announcing Edgardo's death, and in the great scene where her lover returns suddenly returns as it were from the grave to denounce her at the moment she has plighted troth to another, are made to yield to overwhelming anguish and despair, which knows no outbreak. Mlle. Patti in Lucia certainly betokened none of the passion and impulsive feeling so remarkable in her Amina. That the latter may be more agreeable to her instincts is not unlikely; but still both parts having been played so differently, may have proceeded from nice and subtle discrimination of character.

For the above reasons, and for these only, we cannot affirm that Mlle. Patti achieved the same triumphant success in Lucia as in *La Sonnambula*—which may demonstrate to many of her admirers that she belongs more to the Malibran than the Persiani school, which indeed is our own conviction. In reality the two first scenes of Lucy, the one in which the cavatina is introduced, and that with her brother, necessitate all the address, perfect finish, and dazzling brilliancy of *fioriture*, such as adorned the singing of Persiani and Jenny Lind—and perhaps

of them alone—and require the very smallest amount of impulse or passion. Mlle. Patti sang the cavatina—the original one written for Persiani—with much brilliancy, and accomplished in the duet some surprising *tours de force*, singing an ascending and descending chromatic passage with astonishing ease and completeness, and making several dazzling flights in the highest part of her voice with great effect. So also in the duet with Ashton and in the Malediction scene, the young artist made frequent points, but did not endow the acting or singing with that sustained force to which the public had been accustomed, and which her powerful impersonation of Amina led them to expect. In the mad scene, however, Mlle. Patti came up to the very highest anticipations, and carried the whole house with her by her natural and earnest acting and her really admirable singing. The whole performance thus terminated most satisfactorily, and Mlle. Patti achieved a second triumphant success in her second part. Signor Tiberini was Edgardo, and Signor Graziani, Enrico.

On Tuesday Mad. Grisi gave the second of her Farewell Performances, when she chose *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which she was assisted by Signor Tiberini (Gennaro), Signor Ronconi (Duke Alfonso), and Mad. Nantier-Didie (Maffeo Orsini).

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The sixth concert (on Monday May 27) was one of the best ever given by the society. The feature of most interest in the concert, however, first because the least familiar, secondly, because the work of an English composer, thirdly, because performed by an English pianist, fourthly and lastly, because of its intrinsic worth as a production of the highest genius and skill, was Sterndale Bennett's second pianoforte concerto (in E flat), played by Miss Arabella Goddard. Of this work *The Times* says:—

"The novelty—for that which has not been heard for more than twenty years may fairly be regarded as a novelty—was the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the second of the four which Professor Bennett has published, and of the six he is known to have composed and played in public. This masterpiece—and it is nothing less, though more than a quarter of a century old—sounded as fresh, and spontaneous as if it had been written yesterday, a proof, if proof were wanting, that it is work of genius, and that nothing but its uncommon difficulty could have prevented it (long ere this) from becoming a stock piece in the pianist's repertory, and as generally popular as it is eminently beautiful. The audience on Monday night listened to movement after movement with marked attention, charmed in a like measure with the force and energy of the *allegro*, the expressive grace of the *adagio*, and the fire and vivacity of the finale, a sort of *mouvement de chasse*, less strikingly original than brilliant and animated. Their satisfaction at the end was exhibited in loud and unanimous applause, which did not cease until the performer (Miss Arabella Goddard, whose predilection for the music of Sterndale Bennett—whose champion before the English public she has long felt proud to be—began with her earliest public career, and who played as if her whole soul was in the difficult task she has undertaken) reappeared in the orchestra. We have long regarded the pianoforte concertos of Professor Bennett as the nearest thing of their class to the unsurpassable examples bequeathed us by the greatest masters, and were never more fully confirmed in this belief than on the present occasion, when one of the best of them was revived with such signal success."

Berlin.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and *Don Juan*, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Meyerbeer's *Prophét*, and Bellini's *Norma*, were the operas performed last week at the Royal Opera House.

There was a large and highly appreciative audience to hear the *Zauberflöte*, that great work of a great master. The part of Pamina was performed, for the first time, I believe, by Mlle. Lucca, the usual representative of the character being Mad. Harriers-Wippern. Comparisons, I am perfectly aware, are "odorous," especially between two ladies, and yet every one draws comparisons on every possible occasion. I shall, therefore, do so in the present instance, if only for the sake of being in the fashion. Of Mad. Harriers-Wippern and Mlle. Lucca, I certainly prefer the former lady. There is more unity or consistency, so to speak, in her performance. Her acting and singing blend so artistically together, that they produce, as it were, one homogeneous whole, which, as I take it, is the greatest triumph an artist can possibly achieve. There is no straining after effect. Everything is so easily accomplished, that the hearer fancies the task is one which is attended with no difficulty, and might be entrusted to anybody. Similar notions sometimes prevail with regard to writing,

a style like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or Lord Macaulay, commanding the Channel fleet and driving a one-horse chaise. Yet we know that it requires considerable skill to do any one of these things, and that it is not every person who possesses that skill—"Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum." Mlle. Lucca is assuredly not equal to her fair colleague. Yet she is good—exceedingly good—in the part, which, in fact, offers so many opportunities for producing a favorable impression, that, to use a rather vulgar term, any artist who altogether fails to do so must be a "muff." Mad. Köster was admirable as the Queen of Night, and all the other parts were creditably filled.

Le Prophète was as attractive as ever, the house being crammed to the ceiling. The cast was partially new. In the first place Herr Tambert conducted the work for the first time, and considering that he undertook to do so at only a day's notice, is fairly entitled to high praise. Herr Theodoor Formes was the misguided hero of the piece, and both sang and acted with uncommon talent. Mlle. Lucca appeared as Bertha, one of the most successful impersonations. She was enthusiastically applauded in the duet of the fourth act. As I informed you in my last letter, Mad. Jachmann is away on leave of absence. Mlle. de Ahna was her substitute as Fides, and a very worthy substitute she proved. Her fresh beautiful voice was heard to excellent effect in the *arioso* of the second act.

Mlle. Emmy Lagrue concluded her "starring" engagement as Norma, having previously won all kinds of golden opinions from all sorts of people—including even some of the disciples of the Future—*—as Agatha in Der Freischütz*. Her rendering of this genuinely German part was a complete triumph. The audience were fairly carried away by her execution of the grand scene "Wie naht mir der Schlummer," and of the Cantilena, "Und ob die Wolke," in both of which she was vociferously applauded. Her Norma is a fine performance, considered both in a vocal and dramatic light. Her purity of intonation and facility of execution are perfectly charming and might well serve as a model for younger artists and teach them what is to be effected by a thorough and conscientious study of the rules of classic style. Mlle. Lagrue sings without the slightest effort. And why? Simply because she has *learnt to sing*—a process too much neglected, I am sorry to say, by many fair artists of the present day, who fancy that all they require is to possess a voice. A man might almost as well imagine himself a Landseer or a Millais, because he had a box of colors and a set of brushes. Mlle. Lagrue was especially happy in the "Casta Diva" and the touching scene with Adalgisa, when the latter confessed her love for the false Roman, as well as in the portrayal of the struggle which agitates the breast of the deceived mother at the sight of her innocent children, calmly sleeping on the couch, and altogether unconscious of the danger to which they are exposed.

An exceedingly interesting performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given on Ascension Day, by the Meischner Gesangzirkel. I was particularly struck by the rendering of the introduction, the chorus *a cappella*, and the *Inflammatus*. The soloists were well selected, and acquitted themselves most creditably, the whole entertainment producing a highly favorable impression on a fashionable and discriminating audience.

From the various musical papers I have picked up the following scraps of intelligence. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner commenced her starring engagement at Dresden as Elizabeth, in *Tannhäuser*, and Mlle. George Schubert, who has been playing a round of characters with great satisfaction to the public, closed hers, a short time since, as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*. A fund has been established at Leipsic, for the family of the late Carl Zöllner. Concerts in aid of it have been already given in Dresden, Magdeburg, Chemnitz, Vienna, Dantzig, Strasburg, Liverpool, Ancona, Riga, Bucharest, Hanover, Revel, &c. The following contributions have also been received:—100 thalers from a concert given by the Orpheus Society in Boston, 100 thalers from the German Männergesang-Verein, in Cincinnati; 25 thalers collected by the Germans in the Labati prairie, Texas; 25 thalers from the German residents at Porto Allegro, Brazil; 122 thalers from Lübeck; and 500 thalers from the Liedertafel, in St. Petersburg. At Stuttgart the opera has suffered severely by the loss—for a time at least; let us hope not permanently—of Herr Fischek and Herr Sontheim, the tenor. The former gentleman has had an apoplectic stroke, and the latter became deranged, so as to render it necessary for him to be placed in a lunatic asylum. From Wiesbaden, I learn that the grand festival of the Rhein-Main-Sängerbund is fixed for the 15th and 16th of June.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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This is not a bozus Strauss of modern make, such Paris harbors some, but the real, original old Strauss. A fine German critic lately said of this "Upper ten" Quadrille, "It sparkles and shines, as it were, with diamonds, pearls, orders, and the eyes of fair duchesses and countesses." It is needless to say that it still reigns supreme in the German ball-rooms.

Books.

GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION. By Heinrich Wohlfahrt. Transcribed by John S. Dwight. Bound.

75

This little book is intended for those amateurs who have a *penchant* for composing, without being able to devote their time to a course of instruction in harmony. The author gives the laws of phrasing, or musical construction, lays out the web of modulation, and, in a manner, even teaches to form melodies. A musical person of some practical experience, who has a little of the inventive faculty, will, by the aid of this book, be able to shape his ideas into a satisfactory, finished form. There are many such to him pretty ideas come plentifully, but who, when trying to put them together and make a musical whole of them, find that they will not connect, or that there is too little or too much of them, in short, that there is something wrong which they are not able to remedy. After studying Wohlfahrt's book they will see clearly where the defect lies, and whence the remedy must come.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

